The Brothers Skupinski Sentenced.

To be hung for the Murder of young Lehman—confession of Mathias, who alleges that his brother is innocent, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1852.

Motion for a new trial of the brothers Skupinski, for the murder of the boy Lehman, was argued this morning by Messrs. Keyser and Brown in favor, and Attorney General Reed in opposition.

The Court over-ruled the motion, and Judge Allison, who was deeply affected, pronounced the following sentence of death, which was subsequently translated into Polish:—

MATHIAS SKUPINSKI AND BLAISE SKUPINSKI:—A jury of your own selection, after an impartial and laborious consideration of the charges preferred against you by the representatives of the Commonwealth, have found you guilty of the wilful and deliberate murder of Jacob Lehman. With the verdict which now stands recorded against you, the court are entirely satisfied; believing, as we do, that it was fully justified by the evidence upon which it was based, which, although entirely circumstantial, was so conclusive in its nature as to dispel every reasonable doubt of your participation in the crime of which you have been convicted. In view of your awfully solemn situation, I desire to avoid saying anything that may unnecessarily add to your distress.—For, however you may feel, it comports not with the dignity of the law, neither is it in accordance with its humane teaching and operations to embitter your remaining days on earth by a needless repetition of the details. In vindication, however, of the awful sentence I am about to pronounce, and with the hope that the last few words which I shall address to you may have some influence in inducing you to regard in a proper light the crime committed against an inoffending brother, it is proper on this solemn occasion to remind you of its enormity—a crime against which the most powerful instincts of our nature revolts, and which is in direct violation of the divine command—'Thou shalt do no murder.' Life is the most precious of precious gifts. No one can trifle with that which his Maker has entrusted him, and be guiltless; much less can he be excused in taking the life of another; and he who violates this sacred law of humanity shall pay with his own, the penalty of his offending. You are soon to exemplify this truth sanctioned alike by human and divine enactments, and thus to present to all men another illustration of the certainty with which the eye and arm of Omnipotence follow upon the track of the murderer, laying bare the most hidden actions, and bringing him to a speedy accountability.

In the retirement of your own house, alone with the unfortunate victim of your cupidity, you slew him, and amid secrecy the most profound, protected, in all probability, by the darkness of the night, the mutilated corpse is placed where to all human calculation, no eye shall ever again behold it. But a few straggling hairs, loosed from their confinement, became locked in the ice, and are there firmly held until the body is disinhumed. You, however, had fled, no one knew where. Weeks passed and you were undetected, when a single ungarded look, which no human foresight could have anticipated, betrayed you as the murderers of Jacob Lehman. Before I end my painful duty as the minister of the law, whose voice I utter, not my own, let me remind you that although your crime be great, it is not beyond pardonaveness. God is as merciful as just, and shelling to pardon and forgive, and all may, to gough the mediation of the Redeemer, be bettered from the consequences of their transgression. Your doom is a solemn warning to your fellowmakers. In the full strength of your manhood in the bloom of life—together, and at one time, the children of one mother, in the jungle land—you are about to be conveyed to a felon's death, and a dishonorable grave. But the stern requirements of retributive justice demand of me now the imposition of the sentence of the law. It is therefore considered and adjudged by the Court that the prisoner at the bar, Mathias Skupinski, be taken hence, to the jail of the county of Philadelphia, from whence he came, and thence to the place of execution, and that he be there hanged by the neck until he is dead. And may God have mercy on his soul!

Blaise was sentenced to death in precisely the same words as those in the last paragraph.

CONFESSION OF MATHIAS.

After the adjournment of the Court a large crowd gathered around the prisoners, when a conversation took place between Mathias and some of the officers of the Court in the German language. Understanding that language, the writer heard from the prisoner that he was watching at the outside of the front door, while the third party, the Hungarian, was despatching the deceased; that when he (Mathias) went into the house, Lehcman was dead. The prisoner freely confessed that he cut off one of the boy's legs, but said he took no part in the killing. Mathias expressed a desire, in very passionate language, for the arrest of the Hungarian. He said the authorities should search for him all over Europe and America.

Mathias, during the whole of this conversation did not evince anything like sorrow, but a strong feeling against the third party who had fled the city. He said the Hungarian ought to be hung as well as he.

APPEARANCE OF THE PRISONERS, ETC.

Blaise remained, apparently, in a state of stupor. He fixed his eyes upon one object, and seemed to be absored in the sentence of the Court. He said nothing at all.

Mathias showed great attachment towards his younger brother, and takes every opportunity to vindicate him in this matter. He said that Blaise had nothing to do with the murder.

The prisoners were conducted out of the Court room, to the Black Maria, by several officers, but they made no attempt to escape.—There was a large number of persons in the vicinity, eager to catch a glimpse of the prisoners.

The Sale of the State.

The Wilkesbarre *Farmer*, in speaking of the proposed confiscation of the public works, is forcible and eloquent in this wise:

'Why not give the company forty millions of any other property as well as the public works? Would it not be as right and proper? Their pick of the fine farms, splendid dwellings, choice mills, forges, furnaces, and what not! Where, we repeat, is the difference between that and giving forty millions in another shape.

But the natural inquiry is, where is the right of this Company to forty millions of other peoples property in any shape? Just so: and now you begin to talk like a book. The right lies in the ability to procure Legislative action which shall give it to them.—Then this is the slender thread by which you hold all your property, the mere breath of a few of your fellows.

It was gold, and fraud, and violence, that robbed Ireland of her existence, it was the cannon and the bayonet that entombed Poland. Men who were men, and stood up for the right with their bosoms bare, might at least die with honor, and leave an earth sickened with monstrous crimes. And they did die, and the wolf and the raven, took what the vulture had left, and the last shriek of agony of ruined, and tortured nations thrilled not their souls with horror. But here we are left no such alternative. Corruption is to do the work, and we are to submit to it, when done, without one chance, to strike one blow for vengeance or annihilation.'

THE DEMOCRAT.

The Largest Circulation in Northern Pennsylvania—1632 Copies Weekly.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, Editors.

Montrose, Pa.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1852.

For President,
James Buchanan.
Subject to the decision of the National Convention.

Canal Commissioner,
William Searight,
of Fayette.

☞ Thanks to Hon. RICHARD BRODHEAD for a copy of his able speech on the land Bill.

☞ The Democratic State Convention of Missouri elected Delegates to the Baltimore Convention and instructed them for Cass and Butler.

☞ We have received a copy of the speech delivered recently in Congress by our Representative, Hon. G. A. Grow, and shall publish it next week entire. It is a most able and eloquent speech, and our readers may look for a rich treat in its perusal.

☞ Let us urge attention, of those interested, to our Binghamton Advertisements. A trip to Binghamton, and a purchase of six months or a year's supply of goods, will be found a great saving. Try it, you who have large purchases to make, and of course, should you do so, call first on those who advertise in the Democrat. Those advertise who want custom, and those who want custom will trade fairly.

Defeat of the Liquor Law.

The first section of the Liquor Law was taken up in the House Thursday last and defeated by a vote of 50 to 46. This, it is claimed, is tantamount to defeating the whole Bill, and we incline to that opinion. We have never been of the opinion that the Legislature would "vote away their liberty."

Excelsior Society.

We were present last Friday evening at the public exercises of this Society of young ladies, (with one *apparent* exception) which were held in connection with the examination of the students of our village Academy. The exercises were commenced by the reading of an Essay on the "Dignity of Intellect," written by Miss Gertrude Avery. It was a very well written composition, and most beautifully read, which by the way, will often make up for gross defects in composition. A well written article often falls to the ground unappreciated, mangled and deformed in all its parts by the reader. Indeed, it may be difficult for the hearer to pass a correct judgment on an essay in the hands of a *good* reader,—the manner glossing the defects in the composition itself. However, this Essay struck us as being one of the finest read, showing not a little originality of thought, well digested, dressed in good language, and in style reasonably free from those defects arising from a superabundant imagination.

Next came the reading of the paper by Isaac Riley. In this, our proposition already laid down, may disqualify us from forming a correct opinion of the merits of its several articles. It was read badly. A kind of romance, the title of which we did not understand, or do not remember, seemed to us a hard strike at poetry. The writer had evidently read poetry with a good memory, and some parts of this poem contained fine figures and beautiful imagery, with none of the fervor and spirit of original poetic inspiration. If it was the production of a very youthful pen it might be creditable; otherwise, whether Nature destined the author for a bard could be no serious question. "Independent Thinking," was rich, racy, and original. "Passage of the Red Sea," had decidedly a Meeting House tone, showing more skill in imitating descriptive preaching than in originating ideas. In some of its parts, though, the composition was quite smooth and rather poetic.

"Sad thoughts are mine," was very pretty indeed. The writer evidently felt the subject, and therefore wrote in a free and natural strain. There was no effort to arouse a shrinking imagination, or express sentiments heard of only. "Loftiness of Thought," "A Dream of some kind," "A Dream that was not all a dream," and two articles on "Home," were very creditable to young writers. The Valedictory, by Miss Comfort, was exceedingly well written. As a composition, in all its parts, it was highly creditable, evidently written with care, very methodical in train of thought, and pure in style and rhetoric. "Gather Flowers;" a little poem was beautiful indeed. There was much of Poetry in that. An article entitled "Woman's true Greatness," by Miss Crawford, excelled anything often heard at exercises of that nature. The pen that traced it, besides moving at the impulse of real talent, has often moved to the severer discipline of long study in a different institution from Susquehanna Academy, or we are much mistaken.—Original thinking, boldly and beautifully expressed,—noble sentiment clothed in the rich garb of a language few *dare* to feel, combined to make this piece the master-work of the evening.

Altogether the exercises were pleasant, highly creditable to the association of young ladies taking part in them, and we felt no regrets at having spent a couple of hours as a listener. We should judge the members of the society are all quite young, and when that is taken into consideration, of course criticism has no very extensive field. There were some other articles read that we have not spoken of, because their subject and matter have passed our memory.

☞ We suppose the subscribers of the *Register* should blame the *Sheriff*, and not the Editor, for not receiving their papers of late. We dont know either, how that functionary can be blamed for a mere discharge of *official* duty!

☞ We would call the attention of the reader to the advertisement of Fruit Trees.

The Compromise—Its Agitation in Congress.

We observe that a resolution endorsing the Compromise as a Finality of the Slavery agitation, passed the House of Representatives last week by a vote of 101 to 65.

When the same or a similar resolution was introduced into the Senate by Mr. FOOTE, at the opening of the session, we promised to give our readers a few independent thoughts in reference thereto should the question be pressed on. For a time that resolution has slept in quietude, its patron-saint having closed his labors in the Senate and seated himself in the Gubernatorial Chair of Mississippi.—We hoped, for many reasons, that the slumbers of that bantling would not again be disturbed; and among the chief of those reasons we may number an anxiety the most intense, that a little time should now be given the country for calm reflection; for dispassionate consideration, while the all-absorbing, the *all-important* subject of choosing a candidate for the Presidency engages the attention of the whole people. We are about to be thrust into an angry political canvass, and it behooves above all else, in the primary steps to that canvass, that sober judgment should be exercised; that sectional animosities should be allayed; that bitter agitation should not be roused; that the mercenary and inflammable impulses of zealots should be quieted, in order that the better judgments of men may be exercised and permitted to settle, without passion, a question so vitally important to our common country. But with mad zeal that question has been pressed on, and that too, as we believe, wholly for selfish and political purposes.

It has come to a singular pass indeed, that men must be legislated from one party to another; that objects illegitimate to legislation, and legitimate only to the political arena, must be legislated into the creed of Democracy. It is new to us as one of that Democracy, for we have been used to see our creed legislated into the policy of the government permanently, and not the *temporary* policy of the government legislated into our creed. Besides, it is a new doctrine to us, that any law acquires additional strength by being several times enacted. It is an admission virtually of weakness in the government itself, that a law cannot command the reverence due to law when it is *once* enacted and recorded in the statute books of the nation. We look upon it as a "solemn farce" to enact over again a law, and as establishing a dangerous precedent by admitting a weakness as above alluded to, that will not be slow to root itself in the popular mind, and gradually lead it to disregard laws at convenience, by destroying all law-reverencing feeling. We can see no reason why the Compromise should be again enacted—why it should require to be enacted over again every two years. Has that been the course of the Democracy in the Past, in reference to any measure of our party that has been engrafted into the policy of the country? When Protectionists sent up a howl from one end of the Union to the other, after the passage of the '46 Tariff; when they were agitating its repeal and bringing to bear every effort to accomplish it, did the Democracy at the next session of Congress enact it over again? Nobody so silly as to think of, much less to propose such a farce, and why now should those laws of '50 require it? Where in creation exists the reason, the *necessity* for it? What object will be accomplished for the country by it? The *reason* the *necessity*, the *object* to be accomplished, is what we ask for, gentlemen; and until they can be pointed out, we certainly shall refuse to throw up our hats and rejoice at this *brilliant* victory. It is a victory over what?—pray tell us, what has been achieved, what has the mountain brought forth? Why do you tell us that the Compromise has been solemly declared a finality?—Suppose it has, does that prevent all future interference with it? Has it on this account become immutable and untouchable? Can it for this never afterwards be questioned, or agitated? None so simple as to answer yes. Then what has been gained? Nothing, just *nothing* and no more.

As we said above, the Democracy have never acted thus in reference to any of the great questions that have from time to time disturbed the country. They have taken their position, engrafted their principles into the policy of the country, and though afterwards zealots and opposers have made the nation howl with opposition, firmly has the party stood and waited until fanaticism had spent its force, and the sober sense of the people settled the questions and sustained the right most triumphantly. This has ever been the course pursued, and why now an exception? Perhaps, though, this is an advancement in "progressive Democracy," and we so inveterate an "old fogy" as to be left behind the age!

It strikes us we can see the wherefore of this new phase in Democracy. We can answer the questions asked above, to suit our own notions at least. Selfish and disorderly politicians are, and have all the while been, at the bottom of the whole scheme. In the South exist two parties, the Union and Secession,—the first making the compromise a touch-stone of political verity, and the latter in opposition. Both these parties are made up of what once were Whigs and Democrats, mixed together promiscuously. Now this is the scheme. If the Union men could make the Democrats endorse the Compromise, of course that legislated them *into* the Democratic party and the Secessionists out. It is a mere scramble between two opposing factions, for self-aggrandisement and self-purposes, having no business in Congress, no business in legislation, and no business in the Democratic party even. It is a mere trading of Democrats for Whigs, an *even* trade of which is a mighty *poor bargain everywhere!* As such we deprecate it, as ill-advised, foolish and ridiculous, being a species of time-serving that the Democratic party will rue in the future.

We had hoped that the good sense of the party would frown the scheme down, whenever, and as often as it made its appearance in Congress. But it is now passed,—in our judgment, the silliest thing that has ever been done. What the consequences will be we know not, but should it prove a most insuperable barrier to success next fall, by opening afresh those bleeding wounds that have been struck at the heart of the Democracy for years past, by the restless hand of reckless agitation, we shall be free from the imputation of ever having countenanced it directly or by implication. Further than the reason above assigned, none existed for this singular freak in legislation.—Why then did the Democracy ever countenance it?—ever submit to the degrading humiliation of stooping to serve a mere local faction? *Pro ratione sit voluntas*; "the *will* stands for the reason." In our judgment, that is an arrogant, insolent "*will*," that never should have been gratified. 'Tis true it cannot properly be charged as a party movement, as the vote shows no party test; but with the large Democratic ascendency in the House it might have been prevented *by* a party vote.—Herein we charge the party with wrong.

The Mail Changes.

It is not our purpose or business to defend the administration of the Post Office Department while it is in the hands of the Whigs; nevertheless, the cause of *Truth* demands a fair expose of facts concerning the Mail changes in this county.

It is quite a blunder for "a ready writer," to find fault that nothing has been done for Herrick, and in the same column notice the establishment of a Post Office *in* Herrick; and also to complain that changes have not been made to suit the Mail on the L. & W. Rail Road, when there has been no Mail for that road to carry, and the negociations for carrying one in future were not closed till last week, or week before last, since the complaint was entered!

The prospect of having a Mail on the Rail Road has necessarily kept back most of the changes asked for, because those changes were principally asked to be made with a view of connecting with the Rail Road Mail.—Hence they must be made to accommodate to that, and how could that be done before it was determined whether the Rail Road should carry one or not? That, as before intimated, never was settled till within a week or so.

The old Mail routes, on which changes have been, and are to be made, are as follows.

1st. Tri-weekly from Montrose by Brooklyn, Lenox, Dundaff to Carbondale. This is changed so as to run by Brooklyn, Hopbottom, Glenwood, Lenoxville, Clifford and Dundaff.

2d. Semi-weekly Mail from Lenox to Harford, which remains the same as before.

3d. Weekly from Lenox to Waverly, also remaining the same, and an extra Mail once a week from Glenwood to Lenox. All these changes are without any extra expense to the Department.

It is *not true* that Dundaff is left off the route; nor is it true that there is a tri-weekly Mail to or past Glenwood; nor is the statement true relative to supplying Brooklyn and Harford, as we have the facts. The only office left off the former East route is Lenox, and that in the change will be supplied with a Mail four times a week; twice from Glenwood and twice from Harford, connecting at each end with the New York Mails leaving Montrose. Thus Lenox is supplied full as well as before, and three offices beside Hopbottom, viz: Glenwood, Clifford, and Lenoxville are well supplied, which before could not get a letter from the county seat under a week, generally; and they could not get their county papers till more than a week after publication unless they were sent round by Carbondale, when they would not get them till the following Tuesday after publication on Thursday. So the change on this line, while it gives *all* as good supply as they had before, gives to a large portion much better. It was asked for by six Post Masters and many petitioners.

Now as to Harford, an application has been before the Department some time for a daily mail from Montrose by the Depot to Harford. As this was to run in connection with the Mail contemplated by the Rail Road, the Department refused to act upon it till that question was disposed of. As soon as the Post Master at Scranton reports a Mail by Rail Road, that route will be called up and established to meet it. Now if there is any wrong about this we confess ourselves unable to see it. We can see that the change in the Eastern route has accommodated many and discommoded nobody, so far as the Mails are concerned; and all attempts to make political capital by statements so glaringly false as those in reference to Dundaff in particular, must recoil most fearfully upon the head of him having the effrontery to make them. So far from "throwing Harford, Lenox, and Dundaff out of their supply of Mail," Harford will have all she has asked for, Lenox be supplied as well as before Dundaff be in direct connection with Montrose, and thus with New York and Philadelphia, and Hopbottom, Glenwood, Lenoxville and Clifford be supplied as they never have been before.—We believe we have given a *true* statement of the facts in the case; at all events we have intended to, and if we do not understand it correctly we are ready to be put right.

☞ The following is the resolution relative to the Compromise that passed the House last week by a vote of 102 to 64. It was offered by Mr. Jackson of Georgia.

Resolved, That we recognize the binding efficacy of the compromises of the constitution—and we believe it to be the determination of the people generally, as we hereby declare it to be ours individually, to abide by such compromises, and to sustain the laws necessary to carry them out—the provision for the delivery of fugitive slaves, and the act of the last Congress for that purpose, included; and that we deprecate all further agitation of the question growing out of that act of the last Congress, known as the Compromise act—and, of questions generally connected with the institution of slavery, as unnecessary, useless and dangerous.

The following is a recapitulation of the vote:

YEAS.			
Northern Whigs,	7	Northern Democrats,	35
Southern Whigs,	20	Southern Democrats,	39
Whigs,	27		74
Total,		101.	
NAYS.			
Northern Whigs,	29	Northern Democrats,	21
Southern Whigs,	1	Southern Democrats,	10
Whigs,	30	Democrats,	31
Free Soilers,	3	Total,	64.

Our Representative, Mr. GROW, voted against the Resolution. Twenty Northern Democrats voted with him, and ten Southern. It was a farcical affair and should have been hooted out of the Hall.

News of the Week

Wreck of the Steamer North America.

The Steamer North America, with about 1000 passengers on board, bound for California, was wrecked on the Pacific coast the last of Febuary. No lives were lost. It would appear that carelessness or design on the part of the Captain of the Steamer led to the accident. The following letter we take from the Binghamton *Republican*. It was written by P. B. Thompkins of that village who was on board.

ACAPULCO, *Mexico*,
March 6th, 1852.

I we have been unlucky we have been very lucky in getting out of it. The news of the loss of the North America, will probably explain that general remark to you. from San Juan Del Norte that I probably would not be in San Francisco in time to despatch a letter by the steamer of the first of March—well, I was right, for on that eventful day (23d) I was on an oss, coming over the mountains and through the rivers of the Mexican coast, on my way to this port. We had a hard time crossing the Isthmus—but a good deal of fun.

On Monday (a week ago last) we sailed on the North America, and supposed our troubles were over and that all we had to do was to eat drink and be merry, until we arrived at the port of San Francisco. But our hopes were doomed to disappointment, for on the Friday night following, we were wrecked, and by the most culpable negligence too. To strand a vessel on a clear night, with a calm sea, and the moon shining bright as day, and among breakers which could be seen a full quarter of a mile, and heard three times that distance, and under the circumstances which governed here, is carelessness almost if not quite criminal. We had followed the coast all the way from San Juan del Sud, and were only out of sight of it a very few hours. On the day spoken of we had kept close in shore all the while so much so that the kind of trees, and the huts could be discovered with the naked eye. Several old sea Captains who were on board, told the Captain that he was too near shore; but he said that there was no danger, as he knew the landmarks perfectly, &c. About 12 o'clock at night the Mate called the Captain from bed, stating his apprehensions that they were too near shore. The Captain came up and told the Mate he was to far out, instead of too far in. The order was hardly complied with before she struck hardaground and just outside of some breakers. I was on deck I suppose in three minutes, having stopped to dress and get Charley up; and then I saw something I never saw before. The Pacific, as it had been all the way, was as calm as H—'s fish pond.—At a little distance were some heavy breakers—beyond them a plain sand beach, and further still a range of high ground. The moon was as bright as daylight, and we stood on deck and saw all this as plain as you can on a bright night see the Susquehanna bridge from the lawn. Yet there we were. The Captain pretended that he could only see the high ground, and did not dream of any beach or breakers. But how any sailor could mistake those foaming, thundering monsters as they threw themselves one upon another, high in the air, or fail to see the land beach, which formed a band of silver along the shore, and shining as bright as a white ribbon, I cannot conceive. It was a perfect outrage, without any excuse whatever. The ship was driven up by the swell broadside into the breakers, and there we caught it some. The Captain was completely bewildered and confused, and after a few moments just went into his state room, pulled his cap over his eyes, and was hardly seen again until the next day. The 1st and 2d Mate went to work, and a lot of us turned in with them. I never saw men or women behave better than the whole number of passengers although hundreds of them were badly frightened, yet they were easily controlled, and there was no general rush, or *stampede*. The vessel lay on her side leaning away from the shore, and the breakers of course took her on this low side.

They would raise the ship apparently right up and carry her towards shore, and then drop suddenly away, letting us drop with a force that seemed as though it would break the ship to atoms—but she was a noble craft and stood every shock splendidly. Finally we were carried up as far possible and then our hull buried itself in the bottom and we had to meet the breakers, dead weight. By Jupiter, did they not strike us tho! I never saw, neither can I describe anything like it. We finally got the boats out and manned them, and at about 3 o'clock commenced landing the ladies and children. We got a rope to the shore, and by it men pull the boats to and fro—but it was slow business, the vessel lay so on her side that none of the gang-way ladders would reach. They however rigged a ladder down the side, and the first Mate carried every lady and child down into boats, on his arms. I never saw two men work as did Mr. Ginn. 1st and Mr. Hugins, 2d Mate. These two noble fellows landed every lady and child, the one carying them down into the boats, and the other getting them ashore through the surf. They worked incessantly from the time she struck (12 o'clock, Friday night,) until Saturday night about 10, without meat or drink, or cessation. They got the ladies ashore about 10 o'clock, Saturday forenoon; they then landed male passengers, but as they did not need carrying, *Mr.* Ginn, the first Mate, went to landing valuables, &c. Charley and I got ashore during the day, as did all the passengers. I was tired for I had worked like a horse, and was mighty glad to come across a tent on the beach, called the "Binghamton Hotel," F. R. Deming, proprietor. Our boys had got a nice tent all rigged, and Deming had been on board again, and had got every thing we wanted to cook with, or use. And when the ship stores came ashore, you may believe we secured our share of food. We had coffee, tea, chocolate, bread, eggs, ham, &c., enough to last us a week.—We took in a few ladies, who were a great help in cooking &c.: and there and thus on a desert beach—the ground my bed and my trunk my pillow, did I stay until Monday morning.

Every passenger, and all the baggage, ship stores and valuables, were landed in safety.—We set out and scoured the country for mules &c., and soon a plentiful supply came in, with the natives, who brought the pleasing intelligence that we were three day's journey from this, (the nearest) port. They charged ten dollars each for the mules, so Charley and I took three, two to ride, and one for baggage. We started on Monday, at about 1 1-2 o'clock and got here Wednesday morning, about 8, having only stopped to eat and sleep a little. We took a route that very few of them seemed to have found, for we were the second party in—though I guess ten or a dozen started ahead of us. We had a nice road and a plenty to eat. The route was level and the trees made an arbor above us. It was mostly through dense forests, and we found plenty of ranches where we could eat and sleep. The others, as they came in, told of immense mountains, deep rivers, starvation, &c.—but we saw nothing of these hardships and got over here, I guess, more comfortably than any one else. We expect to be detained here about a month.

☞ It was a pertinent and forcible saying of the Emperor Napoleon, that a handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel, and the other a treasure.

More Frauds upon Californians.

Another exciting scene took place yesterday, at the Halls of Justice, in Centre-street, on the occasion of another batch of victimized Californians, appealing to the police authorities for redress, against the firm of A. H. Pride & Co. This firm assumed to be venders of legitimate "through tickets" for San Francisco, in various steamers, belonging to the "Independent Steamship Line," and have recently established "ticket" offices at No. 2 1-2 Cortland-st. No. 7 Wall street, and No. 3 Broad-street, where they have been doing a large business, in selling certificates for San Francisco, via., Chagres and Panama, which several of the holders charge to have been fraudulent and worthless. The arrival of the steamship *William Penn*, at this port, yesterday morning brought back a large number of the holders of the spurious tickets of Pride & Co. They were compelled to lay out their last dollar for a return passage to New York, are now without money or friends, and are therefore, thrown upon the charity of the public.

The first who appeared at the Police office, to make his complaint, was Peter Schmidt, who made an affidavit that he purchased two tickets from A. H. Pride & Co., in the early part of February, for $175 each, and proceeded to Chagres in the Steamship, *Bro. Jonathan*, thence across the Isthmus to Panama, where he was to take the steamship *Monumental City*, as per ticket.

On reaching Panama the Monumental City was not to be found, and there was no prospect of her ever being there again, and the victims could obtain no passage to their destination. An additional affidavit was made by J. R. Wilson, who purchased from this firm a ticket for himself and ten others, named H. Hawns, Wm. Barmington, Wm. Ammerman, J. McEwan, J. Stockman, J. J. Harrington, Joshua D. Moss, Jacob Grups, Joseph Reader, James Martin. These tickets date from the 11th to 28th February, and cost from $40 to $175 each.

The tickets were purchased of different members of the firm, who represented themselves connected with the steamer Monumental City, and assured their purchasers they would have no delay in meeting the vessel within a few hours of their arrival at Panama. The complainants deposed that since their departure and return they have ascertained, beyond a doubt, that no such firm as A. H. Pride & Co. were authorized to dispose of passage tickets for said steamer, or any other on the Pacific route.

About twenty other persons holding Pride & Co.'s tickets, who came back in the William Penn, were present and desired to make their complaints before the magistrate, but those were deferred for the present, and Justice Lothrop issued warrants for the arrest of Wm. C. Barney and his partner, A. Hamilton Pride.—The latter individual was soon after taken in custody by officer Keefe, of the Chief's office and brought to the Tombs. A search was made for Barney, the ostensible proprietor of the concern, and he was finally arrested in Greenwich street by officers Crosett and Greene of the Lower Police Court. Alderman Sturdevant appeared as counsel for the defendants, and after a preliminary examination, the magistrate ordered them to find bail in the sum of $20,000 to be justified, in the sum of $40,000, by responsible real estate owners. An effort was made to procure this security, but failed, and both Barney and Pride were confined in the City Prison on a temporary commitment by Justice Lothrop. A further examination will be had this morning, and, as an act of humanity, Sidney H. Stuart, Esq., Police Justice elect, made an application to the District Attorney for him to be present to aid these destitute persons in the prosecution.

At the time the steamer William Penn touched her wharf, a laughable scene took place. One of the defrauded Californians, named Phillip Quigly, stoop near the gangway, and observing a member of the firm of Pride & Co., who sold him his ticket, he leaped off the vessel and seized him by the throat, demanded the return of his money, which was instantly forked over, and he made a speedy exit, fearing the others would follow.—*N. Y. Times.*

Whig Harmony.

The battle between the followers of Scott, Seward & Co., and the adherents of Fillmore and Webster, is becoming 'fast and furious,' and somewhat funny withal. To show our readers how heartily they 'smite' each other, we clip the following from an article published in the Tribune:

* * * * 'We have a sort of devilish admiration of Mr. Webster. * * * * * Daniel is a great man. He has been called a 'Scamp Jupiter,' and an 'intellectual monster.' This is severe, and we do not endorse it. One of his official associates says (himself a man of genius) 'the greatest man since Bacon.'—But the poet says of Bacon—

'The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind.'

Alas! that the comparison should be so suggestive. Daniel is great, but he has no pluck, no moral stamina, and the people do not believe in his honesty. 'It would be a great thing to have him President,' said one of his friends recently. 'So great a man! What lustre would his elevation cast upon the country!' But is integrity nothing? was asked in reply. 'Yes, to be sure, but national affairs would be in such safe hands. The worst he would do would be to bankrupt the Treasury!

'The President differs from the Secretary. He, too lacks pluck. But nobody doubts his integrity. He wants back bone. He means well, but he is timid, irresolute, uncertain and loves to lean. * * * * * * *

This extract reduced to plain English, reads thus: 'The President is imbecile, and his principal Secretary is a magnificent rogue.'—Democrats have seldom said anything more truthful of these distinguished whig officials.

Cure for Dueling.

In Scotland, lately, two hot brained youths met in a tavern, and, after much debate concerning a young lady, with whom they were both enamored, nothing could satisfy them but a duel. At parting, one of them told the other to prepare for death. A wag hearing of the awful threat, and knowing that none of the champions had any courage to spare, went an hour before the appointed time, to the place selected and dug a grave: and sticking his 'round mou'd spade' in the red mould, retired behind a bush to behold the scene. The awful moment arrived, and one of the bullies made a fierce appearance, but on beholding the open grave and the spade ready to cover his corpse, he scratched his head, and muttering something about being killed, turned round, and in a twinkle was out of sight.—Shortly thereafter, the other duelist [!] hove in sight; but on seeing the yawning gulph, his crest fell, and soliloquizing to himself, was heard to say, 'did he not tell me to prepare for death? and lo! this grave is ready for me. I'll away.' The wag then 'shouldered his shovel' and left the scene, which has been visited by many of the curious, determined on seeing the grave of 'Johnny Cope.'

RUMORED RELEASE OF THE IRISH STATE PRISONERS.—The Dublin Freeman's Journal of the 20th March, states that orders have actually been issued from the Colonial Office, or shortly will be issued, directing the immediate release of the Irish Exiles, subject to the condition that they are not to return to any part of the British Islands. This is 'important if true,'—but is it true? The report creates something of a sensation among our Irish residents here.

Death of Bishop Hedding.

At half-past 12 o'clock, yesterday, the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church the Rev. Dr. Hedding, died of dropsy, at Poughkeepsie, after a long and painful illness. More than a year ago, he became aware that he was a victim of the disease under which he has finally fallen, and, during the past month or two, his end was constantly felt to be rapidly approaching. His funeral will be solemnized on Monday next, at 1 o'clock P. M., at Poughkeepsie.

Bishop Hedding was the senior of the five bishops of the methodist Church, and was revered in proportion to his years, He has been distinguished over half a century for his purity and simplicity of character, his extensive learning, and the fervent admiration which he inspired, in all those who came within the sphere of his personal or pastoral influence.—His loss will not be mourned alone by those who belonged to the religous denomination of which he was, at once, a pillar and an ornament. In the last *Christian Advocate*, appeared an account of a visit paid to the bishop by the editor of that journal, in company with Bishop Janes, from which we extract the following passage, which will now be read with solemn interest:

"Fifty-two years ago, last December, said the bishop, 'I gave up my all to God, and I have never taken back the gift. I have been a most fallible creature, and have committed many involuntary offences, but have never wilfully departed from God. I have always needed the atonement of Christ, and have trusted in that alone for the forgiveness of all my shortcomings. I feel that I can sing, with Mr. Wesley.

"I the chief of sinners am,
Jesus died for me."

"I used to wonder how it could be that Christ could have mercy upon such a poor, miserable sinner as I am, and save me. There was a kind of mist over the subject; but within a few days all this mist has been cleared away. I now see such goodness, such grace, such power—such POWER'—repeating the word with great emphasis—'in the Redeemer, that there is now no difficulty in it!' We remarked, Your spiritual vision is now clear. 'Yes,' responded he, 'it is all *plain now!*'—During the conversation he remarked: 'Since this dreadful disease struck me, more than a year ago, I have not had one really dark hour, or one pang of guilt.'

"We retired from the room with the strongest feelings of admiration of the humility, the deep and unaffected piety, and the gigantic intellectual strength of our venerable senior bishop. We have known and admired his real greatness from the period of our first acquaintance with him. But if he was great in the field of action, he is still greater in the hour of suffering, and in the prospect of death."

Connecticut Election.

We cut the following letter from the Pennsylvanian, Really, we don't know when Whiggery *can* triumph.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Wednesday,
11 o'clock, A. M., April 7.

DEAR W.—Hurrah for Connecticut! Democratic U. S. Senator, now, and no mistake.

Senate, 21 members, now stands—10 Democrats.
5 Whigs.
1 Dem.
majority.

House, 224 members, now stands—133 Democrats.
90 Whigs.
43 Dem.
majority.

Pretty generally conceded that Seymour is elected Governor *by the people*.

Last year, Senate was whig; House, a small Democratic majority in hands of Free Soilers.

So much for another Whig-*ism*. Every hypocritical pretension they make to superior morality, only strikes them *deeper* in their own execrable mire. I guess I have moved into the State just about the right time.

Presidential.

GEORGIA.—The Southern Rights Democratic Convention of Georgia, met at Milledgeville on the 1st of April and appointed 40 delegates to the Baltimore Convention. They go instructed to show no preference for any particular candidate; but although not expressed, it is understood that a large *majority is in favor* of Mr. BUCHANAN as their first choice.

VIRGINIA.—The *Pennsylvanian* publishes the following letter from a distinguished member of the late Virginia Convention:

RICHMOND, March 27, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR:—I could not before now reply to you in reply to telegraph request, that the result of our Convention is, without doubt, most cordially in favor of James Buchanan for Presidency. Four to one at least of the delegates were for him, though it is impolitic to express a preference. We had the strength to get the permanent organization and elect a Buchanan President, appoint Buchanan committies and Buchanan men carried their resolutions and platform, and have two to cast his friends on the electoral ticket. We will go in the Baltimore Convention with the votes of Virginia in his favor to a certainty.

CAN YOU REACH THEM PERTATERS—Many of our readers have, no doubt, read the following rich anecdote. It is old but like good wine, it will bear repetition:

Several gentlemen of the Massachusetts Legislature, dining at a Boston Hotel, one of them asked Mr. M., a gentleman who sat opposite—

"Can you reach the pertaters, sir?"

Mr. M. extended his arm towards the dish, and satisfied himself that he could reach the 'pertaters,' and answered—

The legislator was taken back with the unexpected rebuff from the wag; but presently recovered himself, he asked—

"Will you stick my fork into one of 'em, then?"

Mr. M. took the fork, and very coolly plunged it into a finely cooked potatoe, and left it there! The company roared as they took the joke, and the victim looked more foolish than before; but suddenly an idea struck him, and rising to his feet, he exclaimed, with an air of conscious triumph.

"Now Mr. M., I will trouble you for the fork."

Mr. M. rose to his feet, and with the most imperturable gravity, pulled the fork out of the potatoe, and returned it, amidst an uncontrollable thunder storm of laughter, to the discomfeiture of the gentleman from Boston.

MURDER ACQUITTED.—In Milwaukie, on the 15th ult., the case of W. C. Ratcliffe, who has been on trial for some time for the murder of David Ross, was brought to a close by a verdict of not guilty. The verdict excited universal surprise and indignation, and threats were given for the jury. Order being been restored in the Court, Judge Hubbell looked at the papers for some five minutes; he then eyed the jury sternly and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, is this your verdict?"

Foreman—"Yes, your honor."

Judge Hubbell—"All I have to say is, if be so, is, *may God have mercy on your consciences!*"

Great excitement prevailed the following day. Indignation meetings wese held and condemnatory resolutions passed.

☞ The area of Maine is nearly as large in extent as all the rest of New England—being 30,000 square miles, while the five remaining States contain but 33,473 square miles. The largest State is Texas containing 237,321 square miles; California contains 88,924 square miles.