GATHER RIPE FRUIT, OH DEATH!

BY E. JENNIE WARNER.

Hover not thou, with thy rombre wing,
Over the beautiful buds of earth,
Gather not thou what the angels bring,
Blight not the flowers at birth—
Childhood hath roses that fade at thy touch,
Voices that hush at thy breath;
Linger not then, 'mid the early bowers—
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Virions are wreathing thy brow of youth—
With a deep, mysterious spell,
Pulses are throbbing, whose joy and truth
Have meanings too deep to tell—
Youth hath fountains that chill at thy touch,
Gushings that freeze at thy breath;
Linger not, then, 'mid the summer bowers—
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Majesty reseteth on Manhood's brow,
The fever of life and his heart,
Hope hath enchained with eagerness now,
But not her spirit depart—
Manhood hath missions that yield to thy sway,
Fires that are quenched at thy breath:
Linger not, 'mid the blossoms of this day—
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Sadness hath crept o'er the dreams of age,
Bitterness lies at his heart;
Tempest and mildew have visited life's page,
But the worn spirit depart.
Wings that are fettered with plume at thy call,
Shadows will flee at thy breath;
Come, then, in mercy, with sceptre and pall—
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Peacefully rest the crown of years
On the Christian's hoary head;
Faith, in its fullness, has silenced his fears,
The tumult of passion has fled.
Holy the visions that o'er him roll,
Prayer is the voice of his breath,
Rend thou the temple that prisons his soul—
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

WATERLOO.

This famous battle-field lies about ten miles from Brussels. It was a cloudy, gloomy day, that I left the city, to visit this spot on which the fate of Europe was once decided. I stopped a moment to look at the house where the ball was held the night before the battle, and from the thoughtless gayety of which so many officers were summoned by the thunders of cannon to the field of battle. Before reaching the field, we passed through the extremely beautiful forest of Soignies, composed of tall beeches, and which Byron, by poetical license, has changed into the forest of Ardennes is more than thirty miles distant in an opposite direction, but still it was more classic than Soignies, and so Byron, in describing the passage of the British army through it on their way to battle, says:—

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves
Wet with nature's tear-drops, as they pass—
Grieving, if such inanimate can feel
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere twice the sun has risen to shine on the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."

At length we came to the small village of Waterloo, and, taking a guide, wandered over the field. Not to weary one with confused details, I conceive a large undulating plain, with two ridges rising out of it, lying opposite to each other, and gently curving in from the centre. These opposite ridges are mere elevations of ground, separated by a shallow valley, varying from a quarter to a half a mile in width. Standing on one of these curved ridges, along which the English army was posted in two lines, the other ridge or elevation of ground faces you, along which the French were drawn up. The main road from Brussels to Genappe, cuts directly across this valley, and though these ridges, in the centre of the field. On the extreme right is the chateau of Hougemont, a farm-house, with an orchard surrounded by a high wall in the shape of a parallelogram. This defended Wellington's right. The centre rested its left on a small house called La Haye Sainte, while the left wing extended farther on to another farm-house, called Ter la Haye. Thus fortified at both extremities, and in the centre, the allied forces awaited the approach of the French on the opposite ridge. Fifty-four thousand men were drawn up for the slaughter on one side, a mile and a half in length, while Bonaparte brings to the battle seventy-five thousand Frenchmen. Back of the French lines is a house called La Belle Alliance, near which Bonaparte placed his observatory.

This was the position of the field, and such the strength of the mighty armies that stood eighty years ago, on the morning of the 15th of June, looking each other in the faces. Two unconquered generals were at their head. As I stood on the mound reared over the slain, and looked over the field along which the grain waved as it waved on the day of the battle, a world of conflicting emotions struggled in my heart. One moment the magnificence and pomp of this stern army converted it into a field of glory—the next, the conception of the feelings that agitated the bosoms of these two military leaders, and the terrible results depending—all Europe hanging in breathless suspence on the battle, imparted to it a moral sublimity utterly overwhelming; the next the fierce set, the charging squadron, the melee of horses and riders; the falling of mangled companies before the destructive fire; the roar of artillery, and the blast of the bugle, and braying of trumpets, and roll of drums, and the tossing of plumes and banners, and wheeling of regiments, and shock of cavalry, changed it into a scene of excitement, and daring, and horror, that made the blood flow back chill and dark on the heart. Then came the piles of dead and the groans of the wounded, whole ranks of orphans, and whole villages of mourners; till a half uttered "woe-to the the warrior," was choked by tears of compassion.

Thirty years ago, Wellington stood where I stood, and surveyed the field over which the two mighty armies were manœuvring. At length, this very hour (eleven o'clock) when I am gazing upon it, the cannoding begins, and soon rolls the whole length of the line. Yonder on the extreme right, Jerome Bonaparte, with 12,000 men, descends like a mountain stream on the chateau of Hougoumont. Column after column, the dark masses march straight into the deadly fire that opens in every direction. In perfect order and steady front they press up to the very walls, and thrust their bayonets through the door itself. At length the house takes fire, and the shrieks of the wounded who are burning up, rise a moment over the roar of the strife, and then naught is heard but the confused noise of battle. Slowly, reluctantly, those 12,000 surge back from the wall—12,000 did I say? No, in this rapid half hour 1500 have fallen to rise no more, and there in that orchard of four acres, the bodies are scattered, rather *piled*, besmeared with powder and blood. Between me and them fresh columns of French infantry, headed by a long row of cannon that belch forth their fires every few moments, come steadily up to the English squares. Whole ranks of living men fall at every discharge, but these firm squares neither shake nor falter. The earth trembles as cannon answers cannon, burying their loads in solid masses of human flesh. In the midst of this awful melee, the brave Picton charges home on the French, and they roll back like a wave from the rock—but a bullet has entered his temple, and he sallies back and falls at the head of his followers. And yonder, to save their flying infantry, a column of French cavalry throw themselves with the ocean's mighty swing on the foe, but these rock-fast squares stand rooted to the ground. Slowly and desperately that daring column wolf their horses round and round the squares, dashing in at every opening, but in vain.

And now from wing to wing it is one wild battle and I see nothing but the smoke of cannon, the tossing of plumes, and the soaring of the French eagle over the charging columns; and I hear naught but the roll of the drum, the sound of martial music, the explosion of artillery, and the blast of the bugle sounding the charge. There stands Wellington, weary and anxious. Wherever a square has wavered, he has thrown himself into it, cheering on his men. But now he stands and surveys the field of blood, and sees his posts driven in, his army exhausted, and exclaims, while he wipes the sweat from his brow, "Would to God that Blutcher or night might come." The noble Gordon stepped up to him begging him not to stand where he is exposed to the shots of the enemy, and while he is speaking a bullet pierces his own body and he falls. Bonaparte surveys the field of slaughter with savage ferocity, and pours fresh columns on the English lines, while the cavalry charge with desperate valor on the English infantry. For four long hours has the battle raged and victory wavered. But look! a dark object, emerges from yonder distant wood, and stretches out into the field.—And now there are banners, and horsemen, and moving columns. The Prussians are coming. Bonaparte sees them, and knowing that nothing can save him but the destruction of the English lines before they arrive, orders up his old Imperial Guard that had been kept aloof from battle all the day. He addresses them in a few fiery words, telling them that all rests on their valor. They shout "the Emperor forever!" till the sound is heard even to the British lines.

With the impetuous Ney at their head, they move forward in perfect order and beautiful array down the slope. The storm of battle is hushed. No drum, or trumpet or martial strain cheers them on. No bugle sounds the charge. In dead silence, and with firm and steady step they come. The allied forces look with indescribable awe and dread upon those battalions that had never yet been conquered. But the momentary pause is like the hush of the storm ere it gathers for a fiercer sweep. The cannon opened at once, and whole ranks of that gallant band fall like a snow wreath from the mountain, yet they falter not—over the mangled forms they pass, and with steady resistless force, come face to face with their foe. The field seems lost—but no, that awful discharge on their bosoms from that rank of men that seemed to rise from the ground, has turned the day—the invincible guard stopped as if stunned by a terrible blow. A second discharge, and they wheel and fly.—The whole English line now advance to the assault. Look at that mangled column—how that discharge of artillery has torn its head and carried away half its number.

'Tis over! that magnificent army that formed in such beautiful order in the morning on the heights, is now rent and the fugitives darken the field. 'Tis night—but the Prussians, fresh on the field, pursue the flying the long night. Oh! what scenes of horror and dread are witnessed, where the thunder of distant cannon comes booming on the midnight air! Death is dragging his car over the multitude, and the very heavens look aghast at the merciless slaughter.—*Headly.*

Daily Morning Post.

LECKY HARPER ..... THOMAS PHILLIPS

Harper & Phillips, Editors & Proprietors.

PITTSBURGH:

MONDAY MORNING:.....APRIL 26.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

JAMES BUCHANAN,

OF PENNSYLVANIA;

Subject to decision of the Democratic General Convention.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

WILLIAM R. KING,

OF ALABAMA;

Subject to the same decision.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER:

COL. WILLIAM SEARIGHT,

OF FAYETTE COUNTY.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION; Baltimore, Md., Tuesday, June 1, 1852.

DEMOCRATIC ELECTORAL TICKET.

SENATORIAL ELECTORS.

GEORGE W. WOODWARD.
WILSON McCANDLESS.
Gen. R. PATTERSON.

REPRESENTATIVE ELECTORS.

District.		*District.*	
1st,	Peter Logan.	13th,	H. C. Eyer.
2d,	George H. Martin.	14th,	John Clayton.
3d,	John Miller.	15th,	Isaac Robinson.
4th,	E. W. Bookius.	16th,	Henry Fetter.
5th,	R. McKay, Jr.	17th,	James Burnside.
6th,	A. Apple.	18th,	Maxwell M'Caslin.
7th,	Hon. N Strickland.	19th,	Gen Jos. M'Donald
8th,	A. Peters.	20th,	Wm. S. Ashman.
9th,	David Fisher.	21st,	Andrew Burke.
10th,	R. E. James.	22d,	William Dunn.
11th,	John M'Reynolds.	23d,	John S. M'Calmont.
12th,	P. Damon.	24th,	George R. Barret.

☞ Job Printing, of every description, executed at the office of the *Morning Post* in beautiful style, and on the lowest terms. Particular attention paid to the printing of Posters and Programmes for Concerts and Exhibitions of all kinds.

THE PROGRESS OF SCOTT.

The recent nomination of Gen. Scott by the Whig members of the New York Legislature is to be followed by an address to the people from those gentlemen. It appears that out of 16 Whig Senators 13 are for Scott, and out of 64 Whig Representatives 62 are for Scott.

This is an ominous indication for Mr. Fillmore and his friends. He must look to his laurels, or the "feathers" of Scott will overshadow them. The "fuss" is started in good earnest, and the Accidency and his subordinates will have to busy themselves if they desire to come "Scott free" out of the Whig Slaughter House. Official pap is now declining in the political market, and feathers are rising in a corresponding ratio.

Fillmore, although an abolitionist at heart, and a citizen of a free State, has adopted the silly policy of attempting to carry water on both shoulders, and thus play the scurvy politician. The North, it appears, won't have him, for he seems to be subservient to the dictation of the South. The Southerners are sly of him, inasmuch as they have his former opinions on record, and think that he is now merely playing the part of a "Northern man with Southern principles" to effect a purpose. He is in a "fix," most decidedly; and if his office holders cannot get him out of it, they may bid good night to Fillmore; for, if the aspect of things does not change, the gathering of the butchers at the "slaughter house" will be a bleak and gloomy day for those who follow the present leader of the Whig party.

Fillmore's star appears to be waning, and we are apprehensive that his friends will shortly find it very necessary to throw more light upon the brightness of his prospects, or his presidential career will end in a mere fungus.

At present, Gen. Scott appears to be his most dangerous competitor, and, what is curious, he is blundering into a popularity with the party which is only excelled by the hasty manner in which he imbibes his soup. State after State appears to be willing to make a fuss about him, and he is marching on to a position that will make him a dangerous rival for the "Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy." At present he is not to be sneezed at by the adverse faction of whiggery; but if he should get the nomination, the democracy will snuff him out as easily as they would a tallow-candle.

Another matter that is mysterious to those who are not posted up on the subject, is how Fillmore, a northern man, has become the favorite of the south, and Scott, a southern man, the choice of the north? There is something stange in this, and many of our fellow citizens who are addicted to abolition opinions, ask, "how is it?" We cannot tell, and have uniformly referred them to our neighbor of the *Gazette* for information; as he has supported both sides of Mason and Dixon's Line, but he has never yet explained the matter, and we do not suppose he ever will.—They must wait.

The whig party, in general, is in a dilemma; but the organs in Pittsburgh are perfectly quiescent, and are ready and willing to pass into a transition state from the position they first adopted—whenever a remunerating inducement is offered. Inasmuch as their party cannot win, they feel perfectly independent.

If we cannot get any information from our contemporaries as to the exact position of the northern man with southern feelings, or the southern man with northern feelings, we will wait patiently until we see what coming events may bring forth, and then inform our readers.

☞ We are pleased to see that our Democratic friends of New York are fast becoming united on the *Baltimore Platform*. At the annual election, held at Tammany Hall, on last Monday night, but one ticket was run, and that headed: "Union—Strength—Victory—The Baltimore Platform—*Past grievances to be buried in exertions for the future.*" This ticket was unanimously elected.

☞ Some scamp, lately, at Pittsburgh, who has a passion for autographs, sent Henry Clay a forged letter purporting to come from Louis Kossuth, asking for his autograph and those of his fellow-Senators. The forgery was discovered upon Kossuth's late arrival at Washington.

☞ The Waynesburgh *Messenger* appears to be decidedly in favor of hanging. There is no law against its advocacy of the cord and trap, and if it believes that to hang a human being is turning a man to a "useful purpose," it has a perfect right to enjoy its opinion.

☞ Hon. Caleb Cushing, it is said, is to be appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

NEWS ITEMS.

Captain Dixey, late master of the bark Missouri, who was lately convicted at Boston, of stealing a large sum of money in specie from his vessel, has been sentenced to five years' confinement in the Dedham jail. Captain Wm. R. Pitman convicted of the same offence, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and fined $25.

The grand jury of Boston has indicteted Jasper F. Ferdinand, a broker of that city, for intent to defraud.

Nearly every county in Missouri has instructed its delegates to vote for Fillmore for the Presidency.

Counterfeit one, two and three dollar notes on the Commercial Bank of Albany have just made their appearance.

At Wellsville, Ohio, the finest quality butter is selling at 15 cents per lb.

We wish we had some of it here.—Eds. Post.

The Virginia House of Delegates has passed a bill abolishing public executions.

Lieutonant Nathan Craige, aged ninety-eight years, died at Leicester, Mass., on the 6th inst. He took an active part in the Battle of Bunker Hill, served in the army in 1777, '78 and '81, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne.

Land Slides of a serious character have lately occurred on the Troy, (N. Y.) Railroad. In one place two trains of cars were completely hemmed in by slides occurring before and behind them.

At Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday night, the dwelling of Judge Pierson was robbed of $200 worth of silver plate, and Mrs. Stichley's boarding house of several articles.

Gov. King, of Mo., is a candidate for Congress in the Platte district, in opposition to Judge Birob, the democratic nominee.

During the year ending the 1st instant, there arrived at the St. Louis quarantine 13,802 immigrants.

The Ohio Legislature has resolved to adjourn on the 3d of May, until the 3d Monday of November.

Thomas Boyd, of Chester county, Pa., reputed to be worth $18,000, committed suicide last week.

All the real estate in Mobile, belonging to the U. S. Bank, was sold at public auction, in that city, on the 12th instant, for the sum of $254,385.

A negro girl has been sentenced to be hung in Giles county, Va., on the 8th of May next, for the murder of an old negro woman. The girl had stolen some things, and being informed on by the old woman, she revenged herself by murdering her with an axe.

A contract has been made by an English firm to import into Cuba 800 Chinese coolies for agricultural laborers, to be apprenticed for eight dollars per month. Five hundred of them, who were imported into Havana some years ago, have given great satisfaction.

Crawford, says a recent letter from Rome, is getting on space with his colossal statues for the Washington monument at Richmond, Va. Patrick Henry and Jefferson are ready for casting in bronze. The Jefferson is exceedingly good.

A memorial has been adopted by the Philadelphia Board of Trade, praying Congress to place light-houses and buoys under an enlightened system, by establishing a light-house board.

Twenty-one feet of snow have fallen in the Lake Superior region the past winter; over Mud Lake, between the Detour and Sant St. Marie, the clear, hard ice is still three feet thick, most parts of the lake being frozen to the bottom.

Jack Stevens, the alleged bank robber, who escaped from the Portsmouth, (Va.,) jail, effected his egress by picking three strong locks, with a piece of wire. A reward of $500 has been offered for his capture.

We learn from the Richmond Dispatch that six acres of land, lying below Rockotts, and near the Powhatan warehouse, at Richmond, sold last week for $1,000 an acre.

At the ladies' ordinary, Burnet House, Harrisburg, Pa., we see on the list of dishes, "ladies' kisses." It must be a sweet place to dine at.

Mr. Mangum, of North Carolina, it is said, voted for Gen. Jackson, Gen. Harrison and Gen. Taylor, and now desires to vote for Gen. Scott.

Martin Bloomer, who recently murdered his wife in New York, has been sent to the lunatic asylum for life, unless he recovers from his insanity.

The receipts of the American and Foreign Bible Society, during the past year, amounts to $42,312.

The Democratic House.—The Harrisburg *Keystone* says, "we were scolded no little, publicly and privately, for intimating in the *Keystone*, in the early part of the session, that although a majority of the members of the House were elected as Democrats, every Whig measure that was pressed would command a majority of votes, and we doubted whether any Democratic measure would prove so fortunate. We made no defence to all this, for we were too well convinced that the House itself would vindicate us and in the end prove that our suspicions were well founded. Look at the vote chartering the Mauch Chunk bank. And observe closely the vote on every other new bank bill that comes up. Tell us, then, whether the House is Democratic in fact or only in name. Look again at the numerous extravagant acts of incorporation of every imaginable hue that are passed. Look at Governor Bigler's glorious *veto*es, and then tell us whether we wronged this *Democratic* House by the intimation referred to. It is high time for the Democratic masses to take this matter in hand, and elect representatives who will not vote for Whig measures. We shall use our best endeavors at all times to lay before them the yeas and nays upon all questions involving party principles, that they may known who are faithful and who are not, and if they re-elect those who have failed in their duty to the party which elected them, they shall do it with a full knowledge of the facts."

Finances of Virginia.—According to the Finance report of the Virginia House of Delegates, the house of Selden, Withers & Co., of Washington, are the agents for the sale of four millions of State bonds. They are to account to the State for one million at par and two per cent on three millions, and are to be entitled to any excess over that amount. The last quoted price of these bonds was 109¼—thus giving to the Washington bankers nearly $100,000 on the first million, and a fraction of $80,000 on each of the three remaining millions—an operation by which the State loses $340,000, the whole of which goes into their pockets. So we see it stated.

Senator James.—Much speculation existed some time since as to the course this gentleman, a Senator in Congress from Rhode Island, would pursue on the subject of the tariff, &c. In a speech recently delivered at Newport, he said he thought the tariff could be improved without disturbing its general principles; but has no idea of returning to his tariff of 1842, which he characterizes as a measure unequal in its operations, and departing from that principle of protection which, where it discriminates, should not tax the labor of the poor man for the benefit of the rich.

British India.—The following are the most recent statistics of British India:—

Population,	150,000,000
Annual Revenue,	$140,000,000
Do. Exports,	80,000,000
Do. Imports,	60,000,000
Standing Army, men,	250,000
Tons of Shipping,	300,000

Four-fifths of the army are Hindoos or Mahometans. All the higher officers, military and civil, are English. This vast colony is the right eye of the English aristocracy.

CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.

Sacramento City, March 12, 1852.

Mr. Buchanan in California—Pennsylvanians in California—The Democratic State Convention, &c.

To the Editors of the Pittsburgh Post—

Sirs:—This city, you are probably aware, is the great focus for all political manœuvering for the State of California. The Legislature is in session here—having been removed from the selected, but not permanent location at Vallejo. Here the Governor resides, as well as the officers of State. In population, wealth, intelligence, and importance, it is the second city in the State; it exerts a commanding influence, and many favors are yielded her. So much for Sacramento.

In the Senate of California there are several gentlemen from the State of Pennsylvania, and among them one from your own city, the Hon. J. McKibben. Pennsylvanians are quite numerous too, in the House. The "Old Keystone," I can assure you, is most ably represented in the Legislative halls of our young, prosperous, and growing State. She has not only furnished us a most excellent, and estimable Governor, but many of her sons fill prominent and important offices. Indeed few States in the Union are as well and highly appreciated.

The Democratic State Convention assembled in this city a few weeks ago, for the purpose of selecting delegates to represent this State in the approaching Baltimore National Convention. In this Convention, as in the Legislature, Pennsylvanians took quite an active, conspicuous, and honorable part. It was well known that an eminent and distinguished son, of your good old Democratic State, would likely be a candidate for nomination before that Convention, and those who were favorable to his nomination, were not backward in urging his, (as a majority of us think,) *superior* claims to that honor. A young, and certainly intellectual and popular son of Pennsylvania, the Hon. J. W. Coffroth, a rising member of the Assembly, formerly of Bedford, Pa., but for the last three years previous to his emigrating to this State, one of the Editors of the Philadelphia *Times*, was nominated by the friends of Mr. Buchanan for permanent President of the Convention, the Hon? T. B. Van Buren having been selected temporary Chairman. Mr. Coffroth, you will probably recollect, was a candidate for Legislature a few years ago, from the city of Philadelphia. His successful competitor was Mr. M. S. Latham, a young lawyer of great promise of this city, who stands deservedly high with his party, who has been here since early in 1849, who canvassed the northern (or mining) counties in the late Gubernatorial election, who has been long and favorably known to the miners, who has always taken an active part in our State politics, who was among the first to suggest an organization of our party, and worked arduously and incessantly to accomplish that object, is a member of the Democratic State Central Committee, stands at the head of his profession, and was not partial to any Presidential aspirant. In the northern counties—by far the most populous—Mr. Coffroth is an entire stranger. There is too, a little jealousy existing between the northern and southern counties. Mr. Latham, by not expressing a preference, did not displease those who might have differed with him in opinion. Mr. Coffroth's predilections were known to many. Of course the friends of all other Presidential candidates, united upon Mr. Latham, as the gentleman not to be taken as an evidence of the strength of Mr. Buchanan in this State. Where there are such a number of candidates, it is scarcely fair to put one against the combined strength of the whole. However popular a man may be, such tremendous odds are too great to be overcome. Bet had Mr. Coffroth been generally known that he was favorable to the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, the result would have been different. Even had Mr. C. been as well known in the northern counties, as Mr. Latham, he would almost unquestionably have been elected. Some members voted against Mr. Latham, supposing him to be opposed to Mr. B. A delegate from El Dorado county, the most populous, powerful, and decidedly Democratic county in the State, voted against him, and got another to do likewise, under the mistaken impression that Mr. C. did not approve the nomination of Mr. B. This was Lieut. McClure, an ardent and devoted son of Pennsylvania, and strongly attached to her gifted and favorite Statesman.

Had Mr. Coffroth been a citizen of El Dorado county, with her 32 votes, instead of 18, the result might have been far different. As it is, Mr. Latham only beat him 28 votes. Another thing that operated to Mr. C.'s disadvantage and Mr. L.'s benefit, was the fact of his having voted against one set of delegates from the city of San Francisco. A quarrel unfortunately existed in our ranks in that city, and there were two sets of delegates, one of which had to be excluded. Those who Mr. C. voted against, of course were exasperated, and he incurred their displeasure and the displeasure of their friends. They exerted all their influence against him. Mr. L. conciliated them, and thus gained their support.

Although this was claimed as a test vote by the opponents of Mr. Buchanan, yet strictly speaking it was not. Against any other *one* candidate, he would have been successful; but that man must be popular indeed, who can beat a combined host of eminent, talented and distinguished champions of the democratic party. We will venture to assert, a more flattering vote will not be given Mr. B. than that in the Democratic State Convention of California. Should he, as we hope, receive the nomination for President, he will receive a large majority in this State, according to the vote polled, than any other in the Union.

We all recollect, with mingled feelings of pride and exultation, that to him we are indebted, more than to any other man, for our young and growing State. Through his instrumentality as Secretary of State, we California brought into our glorious confederacy, and when an opportunity presents itself, she will not be backward in rewarding her benefactor. It is a debt we owe, and we are anxious to pay.

All the old Jackson men, too, have a strong affection for Mr. Buchanan, for his exertions in the celebrated Expunging Resolutions. The "damned spot" would still blot the fair pages of the journal of the U. S. Senate, had not Mr. B., and the rest of the noble spirits who composed that body, "blotted it out."

A more harmonious and enthusiastic convention never assembled in any State. All went off smoothly. At the next Presidential election we will show our Democratic brethren on the Atlantic how to roll up large majorities. If you but follow our example, almost the last vestige of whiggery will be swept from our happy and prosperous country. A large number of Pennsylvanians were members of the Convention, and among them I noticed Wm. C. Moredith, James Galloway, Dr. Patterson, Jno. Middleton, James S. Law and George Kerr. California is all right in the Democratic cause.

Sacramento has been visited by a great flood, for the particulars of which I refer you to the papers which are sent with this. I also forward you the proceedings of the Democratic State Convention.

AMIGIO.

A Snarl among the Baltimore Whigs.—On Monday night, the young and old Whigs of the Monumental city, met in grand conclave to pour out the vials of their wrath on the head of President Fillmore, for not dismissing Collector Kane and Post Master Maddox, who had nerve enough to retain some three or four Democrats in office, whose services could not well be dispensed with, in opposition to the repeated remonstrances of the Whig City Convention.—After reading these letters, offering resolutions, and making several speeches, the meeting broke up in a precious row.

Who Reads an American Book?—The New York Courier notices a fact very creditable to American literature, that in English wholesale catalogue, in which, under the words "Popular Standard Works," are one hundred and thirty-three items, of which forty-seven, *considerably more than one-third*, are the product of American pens, and were first published by American publishers.

Mutiny.—On the 16th inst. a mutiny broke out on board the new steamship South Carolina, bound to Liverpool from Charleston, while lying in Rebellion Roads. On information of the fact being communicated to Capt. Rudolph, of the U. S. Revenue cutter Hamilton, that officer, after an examination, placed twelve of the crew in irons, on board the South Carolina.

The Tennessee Jay Bird.—The Le Roy (N. Y.) Gazette says a rival to the Swedish Nightingale has been discovered in the Female Seminary at that place—a Miss Jay, from Tennessee, who can sing the echo song to the life.

Flogging in Schools.—Miss Boots, a teacher in a primary school in Cincinnati, has been bound over for trial, by the Mayor, for improperly flogging a pupil, because he could not spell correctly.

The Death of Prince Schwarzenberg.—We have already recorded the sudden decease, by apoplexy, of Prince Schwarzenberg, the celebrated Austrian Prime Minister, which occurred on the 5th of April at Vienna. He was the most eminent man in the empire, and has done more to strengthen it, than any man living. Since Metternich's retirement, Schwarzenberg has been the soul of the Imperial government. Bold, courageous, and devoted to absolutism, he has been the most efficient instrument in the destruction of liberty, on the continent of Europe. He was the leader of the re-actionary movement that commenced in 1848, and it is to his counsels, backed, as they were, by Russia, that the defeat of Hungary is to be attributed. His death will prove a terrible blow to the House of Hapsburg. The following, not very complimentary record, is made of his life:—

"Prince Felix Schwarzenberg was born on the 2d of October, 1800. In early life, he evinced in social life, the unscrupulous libertinism that was afterwards evinced in his political career. In London he seduced and eloped with a lady of rank, for which he was prosecuted, and, failing to pay the damages decreed, was declared an outlaw. Afterwards, in Naples, he continued his career of criminal gallantry, for which, in one instance, he was severely chastised by an injured husband. He served under Radetsky in 1848, and was in November of that year made Prime Minister, an office he filled till his death. In every relation, private and public, he has been a man of intrigue, with the boldness to venture everything in pursuit of an object, and the skill to accomplish all he undertook. He will live long in the memory of all, for his vices and his eminent, and the bold, energetic courage which he displayed in their exercise."

☞ **Dyspepsia, or Indigestion,** is that kind of derangement of the stomach which interferes with the conversion of the food into chyle.

The Symptoms of Dyspepsia are: loss of appetite, nausea, heart-burn, flatulency, acid, fœtid or inodorous eructations, a gnawing sensation in the stomach when empty, great costiveness, chilliness, paleness of the countenance, languor, lassitude, unwillingness to move about, lowness of spirits, palpitations of the heart, and disturbed sleep. These symptoms vary in different individuals and constitutions and in many cases bring on Liver disease, dropsy, liver complaint, and a debilitated condition of the whole body and a shattered state of the nervous system, that renders life burdensome.

Dr. Redcliffe's Alkaline Digestive Bitters are peculiarly adapted to the deranged condition of the stomach above alluded to, and if taken perseveringly, will restore it to a healthy condition. These Bitters are made of some of the most valuable materials of the Materia Medica, and are prepared in a peculiar manner, known only to the proprietor. They do not contain any particle of alcohol, and are perfectly safe in their operation on the human system. The most inactive and depraved condition of the stomach is often relieved by one bottle—all costiveness, wind, pain, and depression of spirits, are entirely removed. How can a man be in health when that great reservoir is diseased? Correct the morbid state of the stomach by taking these Bitters, and Dyspepsia, with all its grim horrors, will fly from you.

Price 75 cents.

Prepared and sold by Dr. G. H. KEYSER,
at his Drug Store, 140 Wood street,
apr24:1m:d&w Pittsburgh, Pa.

☞ **Do you want a cheap and good Looking Glass?**—If you do, go to MARSHE'S, 84 Wood street, next door to Davis' Auction Mart. You will find at Moore's not only Looking Glasses in which you can see yourself full size, as large as life, but also every variety of Hair, Nail, Tooth Cloth Shoe, Paint, Dusting, Scrubbing and Sweeping Brushes. He has a large assortment of Fancy and Variety Goods Pictures, and every article kept in stores of a like character.

Country Store Keepers will find it greatly to their advantage to give me a call, as I am determined to sell at such prices as cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Recollect, Moore's, No. 110 Wood street, Pittsburgh. apr23:1w

☞ **A Strong Certificate.**—From the Steubenville Herald, March 25, 1851.—The reader is referred to an advertisement in another column, which gives the details of a wonderful cure from the use of *M'Lane's Vermifuge*, which is certified to have been effected, not in Maine nor in Louisiana, nor in Oregon, but here, almost in your midst. Read it, and judge for yourselves:—

Public attention is most respectfully invited to the plain, unvarnished statement of your own fellow citizen, Mr. Stephenson, whose child was wonderfully restored to health by the use of Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge.

Cross Creek, *near Wintersville*, Jefferson Co., O.
March 19th, 1851.

Messrs. J. Kidd & Co.—I have a little boy three years old the 17th day of this month, that has been very delicate in health for some time. After trying a great many other medicines, without receiving any benefit from their use, I was induced to try Dr. C M'Lane's American Worm Specific, or Vermifuge, as put up by your honors—and wonderful to relate, after giving him two teaspoonfuls, he passed 160 worms, some of them very large, and others not thicker than a common sized knitting needle; since which time the little fellow has improved wonderfully, and is at this time getting very fleshy or fat, as we old women say. And I must say, I believe that if he had not taken the Vermifuge, he would ere this have been consigned to the tomb.

JOSEPH V. STEPHENSON.

For sale by most Merchants and Druggists in town and country, and by the sole Proprietors,

J. KIDD & CO.,
apr23:dlwtiw 60 Wood street.

Removal of the O'RIELLY TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

THE Office of the O'Reilly Telegraph Lines has been removed to the NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THIRD AND WOOD STS., Pittsburgh, Pa. Entrance from Third street. In order to meet the increasing wants of the public, the new Telegraph Office has been much enlarged and improved, and other facilities added, to insure the prompt and accurate transmission of Dispatches to all parts of the United States. No effort will be spared to sustain the high reputation which the O'Reilly Lines have already acquired. [mar31:1m

State Secrets.

THE undersigned, having just returned from the State Quarries of Lancaster and York Counties, where he has made arrangements for a constant supply of SUPERIOR SLATE, respectfully informs BUILDERS and OWNERS that he is now prepared to execute any amount of SLATE ROOFING, at the shortest time, and on as good terms as can be had in the city.

Being a practical Slater, and devoting his entire attention to the business, he has no hesitation in warranting all his work to give satisfaction.

Orders left with Logan, Wilson & Co., No. 129 Wood street, Pittsburgh; or, T. Arnold & Brother, corner of Lancok and Anderson street, Allegheny City, shall receive prompt attention.

mar29:1m* THOMAS ARNOLD.

FINE PAPER HANGINGS, in Chintz and Brocatello patterns, on light and rich dark grounds, for sale by
apr21 WALTER P. MARSHALL.

Marble Mantels.

A LARGE stock of the most beautiful MANTELS, made of the finest quality of Foreign and Domestic Marble, manufactured by machinery, always on hand and made to order on short notice, at prices ranging from $15 to $100 each. Purchasers are invited to call and examine the stock and prices, 319, 321 and 323 Liberty street, opposite Smithfield.

mar1:dtf. W. W. WALLACE.

Important and True.

J. ROOBYER, Jr., Bee Hive Clothing Store, No. 225 Liberty street, can sell a good suit of Summer Clothing for $2 50; and better Goods, of every description, very low for cash. Custom work made to order in fashionable style, and on reasonable terms. [apr17.

Desirable Situation.

A GENTLEMEN of good steady business habits, will hear of a desirable situation, (salary liberal) by addressing "Box 211, Post Office." None need apply, unless well qualified to take charge of a Retail Store.

Pittsburgh, April 10, 1852.

Great Inducements to Cash Purchasers.

WE will sell our large stock of of COMMON AND FANCY CHAIRS AND BEDSTEADS, at prices that cannot fail to please cash purchasers. All our work is warranted. Our terms is CASH.

JAMES LOWRY, JR.,
mar25 corner of Seventh and Liberty sts.

Removal.

HOUGH & ANTHONY have removed their DAGUERREAN ROOMS, from Burke's Building, to Eaton's Building, over the Young Men's Library, where they will be happy to see their old patrons and friends. [mar17

MRS. A. LEECH respectfully announces to the ladies, and her customers generally, that she will have an opening of Spring Millinery, on Thursday, the 22nd inst. Paris hats of the latest importations, which for beauty and style cannot be surpassed. Children's bonnets in great variety. Ladies' head dresses and caps, French embroideries and flowers, with a variety of goods in her line. [apr20:1w

COFFEES—Received at No. 255 Liberty street, and for sale at the lowest market prices;

16	bags superior Java Coffee;	
5	do Maracaibo	do;
10	do Laguyra	do;
30	do do Prime Rio	do;
10	do Cape	do;

W. A. McCLURG & CO.,
Grocers and Tea Dealers.
apr19

SMOKED SALMON—150 lbs Smoked Salmon, very fine, just received and for sale by
W. A. McCLURG & CO.
apr22 Grocers and Tea Dealers.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Chamberlin's Commercial College, corner of Market and Third streets. Instruction in Book-keeping and Writing both day and evening. Ladies' Writing and Book-keeping classes meet from 2 to 5 in the afternoon. The Principal will attend to the retiling of Partnership Books, opening new sets, correcting errors, &c. Those having need of his services will apply at the College. O. K. CHAMBERLIN,
Principal and Prof. of Book-keeping;
P. R. Spencer, Prof. of Penmanship. ap19

☞ **Prothonotary.**—The undersigned respectfully offers himself as a candidate for the Office of Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the next Whig and Antimasonic Convention.

JOHN CALDWEL